

## MR. BEECHER'S WIDOW.

HER LOVERLIKE LOVE FOR HER IL-  
LUSTRIOUS HUSBAND.

Her Early Married Life in the West.  
Happy in a House of Two Rooms—The  
Pleasures of Simplicity and the Pen-  
alties of Distinction.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, March 9.

While Henry Ward Beecher's life was eb-  
bing away in those last few days, like  
that of one in a troubled dream, and since  
his soul has gone out of its clay garments,  
his wife has shown the same high courage  
which has distinguished her throughout her  
entire life. She loved her husband passing  
well. Indeed, she might be said to be "in  
love with him," as they say of the young,  
who are under an infatuation, which mar-  
riage so often dispels. There is no doubt of  
one thing—after more than forty years of  
wedlock Mrs. Beecher was as much in love  
with her husband. This fact alone is the  
highest and most eloquent tribute to the great  
preacher's character that can ever be given.

I talked with her just after she had returned  
from a long trip through California and  
back, and she spoke with girlish delight of  
the pleasure she had had in his society while  
they were away.



MRS. BEECHER.

"We were whole days together in the cars,"  
she said, with eyes burning with feeling, "a  
most unusual boon. I wrote my daughter  
after we returned, and I remember I said to  
her: 'I have been getting acquainted with  
your father and have fallen deeply in love  
with him. If he proposes I think I shall ac-  
cept him.'"

She had been telling us how the many  
public demands made upon him had taken  
him from her necessity and of their simple,  
beautiful early married life, when poverty  
was their constant guest and came in and  
dwelt with them in a cottage of two rooms,  
yet did not drive her out.

Mrs. Beecher has been sometimes described  
as cold and ungenial. This is certainly a  
superficial reading of her character. She isn't  
demonstrative or diffusive, certainly. She  
doesn't affect the amiable and pleasant, she  
doesn't affect anything, in fact. In the matter  
of self she is just as she is without conceal-  
ment.

If any one on earth possesses the magic staff  
of the Seer of the North, she does: "Under all  
circumstances preserve an equal mind." She  
is indifferent to public praise, or that  
intangible, intangible, intangible thing  
they call fame, which often possesses its pos-  
sessor when he is supposed to possess it.

She wouldn't turn her head to look at a  
king. A celebrity is no more than a fly to  
her. I heard her question about a distin-  
guished man who had been in Plymouth  
church the Sunday before. "I don't know  
what he was like. I did not look at him. I  
care nothing about seeing great people." She  
would not raise an eyelid if a man, if a  
string of celebrities as long as the Brooklyn  
bridge passed her door, nor lift her head if a  
regiment of enemies screamed at her.

Comparatively little has been written about  
Mrs. Beecher, considering the fact that she  
was the wife and is now the widow of him  
who was our greatest American clergyman.  
She is simply and invariably her natural self—  
a woman of fine mind, high character, self-  
contained, but not cold or severe, not re-  
tardant, but constant and strong, exactly  
the kind of woman to be a prop to the great  
but impulsive soul who was so long her closest  
companion.

I recall her to mind as she appeared in her  
own home one afternoon of the early winter  
of '84. I wrote something about her then,  
which a few may still remember.

The large library was lighted by a glowing  
grate fire, and made beautiful and cheerful  
by pictures, bric-a-brac, books and flowers.  
Mrs. Beecher, with her white hair, flower-  
trimmed cap, fine lines, slender golden chains  
and soft brown silk gown was the most pleas-  
ing picture of all, and one I shall long re-  
member. She is a handsome woman still,  
despite the traces of years upon her face.  
Her profile is purely Grecian, and her eyes  
have the brightness of a spirit that knows no  
old age. She is an admirable talker, not  
egotistical nor self-assertive, but interesting  
and most graceful.

She spoke of her early life in Indianapolis  
thirty-seven years before, and grew almost  
enthusiastic in her reminiscence description.  
It was evident that the recollection of it was  
sweet and pleasant to her. She and her hus-  
band had gone there from Lawrence-  
burg in the hope that it would be a place  
where they would have comparative im-  
munity from chills. This delusion was  
soon dissipated. Malaria met them on their  
arrival, shook them down, and they remained  
and followed them when they left. They  
lived there two years, and two of their chil-  
dren, I think, were born there. Mrs. Beecher  
is the mother of ten children, only four of  
whom are living. Their house contained only  
a parlor and dining room, which also served  
for a kitchen. A veranda ran along the  
front, and this they boarded up and di-  
vided into two little bedrooms, leaving a pas-  
sageway in the middle. Each room contained  
a bed—only this and nothing more. Not a  
foot of space remained for wasteland or  
chair. To make up these beds Mrs. Beecher  
said she was obliged to reach through the  
windows which opened into the house proper.  
The rooms themselves were not big enough  
for her to go into and raise her arms to  
spread the sheets.

Mr. Beecher's salary was \$600 a year. When  
he was reduced to \$400 when the congregation  
bought him his little cottage. At Lawrence-  
burg he had received only \$300. This, then,  
was in the nature of great good fortune. His  
desk stood in the parlor, and in a spot which  
commanded a view of the combined dining  
room and kitchen. He worked there, and as  
he finished a few pages he called her and  
she quit her work and sat down beside him on  
a low chair, her arms covered with blue per-  
fume, while he read what he had written. Then  
he talked it over, and now thoughts were the  
result. She went back to her cooking and he re-  
turned to his sermon. There was a little  
smoke house in the yard where she did the  
family washing. When she was there Mr.  
Beecher called her by making a trumpet of  
his hands and blowing a blast through it that  
waked the echoes. Then she wiped the blue  
from her hands and arms and ran in to talk  
theology, little dreaming that he had grasped  
the germ of what was to grow into the most  
beautiful theology ever uttered, the "God  
within us" and the "God within us" of the near  
future. How could she know that the man  
at whose feet she gladly sat, and gave as well

spiritual formula of the age.

"I kept boards," she said, "took in sewing,  
did my own housework, including the wash-  
ing and ironing, and usually with a baby in  
my arms, and I would willingly go back and  
do it all over again if I could. I was happy,  
I had my husband always with me. He was  
never away except when he went to see his  
people. We worked together continually.  
He painted the house by the light of a lan-  
tern, I holding the lantern. We were as-  
sisted in the same way with everything that  
was done. Now Mr. Beecher belongs so much  
to the public that I see very little of him.  
But then I have no ambition, none in the  
world. When people say to me, 'Aren't you  
proud of your husband?' I say, 'No.' What  
happens would there be in pride? I would  
rather see more of him. I am glad of the work  
he is doing, but I care nothing for the worldly  
honor of it."

It is strange that, finding her happiness en-  
tirely in her family, and caring nothing  
whatever for the world's voice, either in  
praise or blame, life in the little house in In-  
dianapolis, with all its self denial and hard  
work, looks beautiful to her. Her world was  
small, but it was full. The big, busy world  
had not yet begun to claim a share of the  
new apostle of thought. Distinction has its  
penalties and obscurity its blessings.

Not everybody knows that Mrs. Beecher is  
the author of a novel entitled "From Dawn  
Till Daylight," and published many years  
ago. The title she gave it was "Reminiscences  
of a Minister's Wife." The publishers  
suggested to the one it was published under  
without her knowledge. The house that it  
was sent to failed soon after it appeared. This  
fact probably prevented it from attain-  
ing the circulation it deserved. A few years  
ago one of her old western neighbors stumbled  
across a copy in a public library, read it  
and worked himself into a rage. He was  
convinced he recognized his own portrait in  
one of the least admirable of the characters.  
His indignation got into print, flooded the  
metropolis and set a procession of  
newspaper reporters ringing the Beecher  
house, and the police intention of asking  
the author of "From Dawn Till Daylight" if  
she really did intend to portray the wretched  
old man.

The Beechers left Indianapolis forty years  
ago and went west to Brooklyn. Mrs.  
Beecher left six weeks before the first rail-  
road leading eastward was finished, and Mr.  
Beecher traveled on the first passenger train  
that rolled out of Indiana's capital.

GERTRUDE GARNER.

## MONTANA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Hon. Preston B. Leslie, of Kentucky,  
Lately Appointed.

For many years past the territories have  
been asking for a favor, or demanding as a  
right, that their Federal officers be appointed  
from among their actual residents, and their  
main argument has been that entailed  
and self-reliance in  
go to the far west  
to live; that such  
men understood the  
then and fall into  
their ways, as "po-  
litical ducks" from  
Washington do not.  
If self-reliance and  
energy and western  
spirit is what they  
want Montana will  
certainly be charmed  
with their newly ap-  
pointed governor.

Hon. P. B. LESLIE. Hon. Preston B. Leslie, of Kentucky. He is certainly a self-reliant, energetic and altogether self-made man, as the most exacting Montana can wish. Those qualities show in every lineament of the portrait of Mr. Leslie, which is herewith presented. He has filled in succession each post from cart driver to governor, and the Montanians who drive a mule team across the plains to his new home cannot object that a new governor has been made from a denuded politician.

Born in Clinton county, Ky., Mr. Leslie has lived for twenty-five years past at Glasgow in this state, and has been prominent in public life. Left an orphan at an early age, he began as driver of a cart in Louisville; at 14 he became a wood chopper, at 15 a ferryman, then a farm laborer and at the early age of 22 a lawyer. After a long career in politics he was elected to the state senate and chosen president of that body. Soon after Governor Helm died, Lieutenant Governor Stevenson took his place and Mr. Leslie advanced from president of the senate to lieutenant governor. Soon after Governor Stevenson was elected to the United States senate, and Mr. Leslie succeeded as governor. At the next election he was chosen governor by a majority of 37,156 over his Republican competitor, Gen. James H. Hargis, now associate justice of the United States. Later he was elected circuit judge. All these positions he has ably and faithfully filled.

## A Great Novel.

The latest craze in fancy work is a hand-knit Oriental Smyrna Rug 34x64 inches, the first manufactured in Utah. This elegant Turkish rug was made at Mrs. McEwan's Employment Office, No. 49 W. First South street, and is on exhibition there. It is to be raffled for at 50 cents a chance.

## Unnecessary Misery.

Probably as much misery comes from habitual constipation as from any derangement of the functions of the body, and it is difficult to cure, for the reason that no one likes to take the medicines usually prescribed. HARMON'S PILLS were prepared to obviate this difficulty, and they will be found pleasant to the taste of women and children. Twenty-five cents. At all druggists. J. J. Mack & Co., proprietors, S. F.

## Take It in Time.

A man who presents an appearance of debility, whose countenance is anxious, and who is subject to spells of faintness, is liable to sudden death from heart disease. Let him take Dr. FLETCHER'S REMEDY before it is too late. At druggists, \$1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

## Messrs. Young & Hartford.

General agents of the Arnold Cooker and Coffee Pot, removed to 60 East Second street, Arbutuckle Coffee building. Call and examine the simple yet wonder-ful Arnold Cooker.

We are now prepared to do the finest work in this line for the Country. Democrat Office.

No. 18 E. First South street. Pure goods only, and of the best quality. Our facilities to supply the trade and families are unexcelled and our prices just.

ADAM & MURPHY, Proprietors.

When in need of Job Printing call at the Democrat Office.

JAMES J. FARRILL & Co., Plumbers, Steam and Gas-Fitters, telephone call No. 130.

## Rapid Beating of the Heart.

Whenever you feel an uneasiness in the region of the heart, a slight pain in the shoulder, arm, or under the shoulder blade, or when you find yourself short of breath when exercising, or your heart has periods of beating fast, you have heart disease, and should take Dr. FLETCHER'S REMEDY. At druggists, \$1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

## STORIES OF BEECHER.

CARPENTER TELLS OF THE PREACH-  
ER'S LIFELONG LOVE OF HUMOR.

How He Surprised a Girls' School With  
Ingeniously Arranged Umbrellas—His  
Belief Regarding the Doctrine of Eter-  
nal Punishment—Carpenter's Trip  
Through the South.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 9.

In the numerous articles published in the  
papers about Henry Ward Beecher very little  
is said about the humorous side of his char-  
acter. He was full of humor, and it was in his  
heartily sympathetic with mankind that his great  
successes had their birth. He was not afraid  
to say a funny thing in the pulpit, and he once  
said: "I have been criticized because I mean  
to laugh. I made them cry, I suppose  
it would have been all right, but the Bible  
don't say so."

He could tell a story well, and I remember  
seeing one he once told about a cow which he  
had received in payment for a debt. I think  
he told the story in one of his lectures. He  
said:

"It was a very bad debt and I came to con-  
sider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow,  
but the former owner said she was better  
than she looked, being a cross between a Jer-  
sey and the Durham. She looked as if she  
might have been a cross between an old hair  
briar and an aboriginal. No one could tell  
the brute three days, and no one could ever  
appreciate the suffering I endured in that  
time. The first night she broke through the  
fence and reduced to a pulp all the under-  
clothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horns  
through my bathtub and ate up all my  
garments. She was to give three gallons of  
milk a day, but she seemed short just then,  
and never had that to spare while we kept  
her. The second day she walked into the  
kitchen and upset a can of butter and a tub  
of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when  
I got her out, at a cost of \$5, she took the  
colic, whooping cough, or something, and  
kept us awake all night. Not a green thing  
was left in my garden, my neighbor's peaches  
and the rope on which his underwear  
were were bare of fruit as a single tree.  
My neighbor came over to me and said:  
'Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I  
want you to keep your cow out of my shrub-  
bery.'"

"And I want you, my friend," said I, "to  
keep your shrubbery out of my cow."

Harriet Beecher Stowe says that this hu-  
morous part of Henry Ward Beecher's char-  
acter manifested itself when he was a boy.  
While attending the ladies' seminary kept by  
his sister, young Henry, then 11 years of  
age, had manifested no disposition toward  
study, but passed his time in playing prac-  
tical jokes. At one time, on a rainy day, he  
fixed the umbrellas standing in the hall in  
such a way that the opening of the school  
room door would send the whole thirty or  
forty of them flying out into the street. The  
trick was a success, and the school was  
into an uproar as soon as the hour of adjourn-  
ment approached, by the scream of the first  
girl, who started somewhat in advance of the  
others for home.

At college he had his own plan of culture  
and followed this. He had a table made by  
a carpenter with a hole in the middle, and a  
fastened chair inside of this. Getting into  
this hole he would sit down with his books  
all spread about him, and would thus study  
with his materials at his hands. His boyish  
humor still cropped out, notwithstanding he  
was looked upon as a future theologian.  
Some of the tutors thought his actions  
were hardly consistent with his profes-  
sion, and one of them undertook to cor-  
rect him. This tutor was a Yankee who had a good sense of the  
ridiculous. He was about seven feet tall  
and proportionately thin. Henry Ward  
Beecher knew the tutor was coming to lecture  
on him, and at the appointed time he went  
to his room all of the chairs except one  
with his legs out off and which in conse-  
quence was not higher than about a foot from  
the ground. He then crawled into his hole  
in the study table and pretended to be at  
work. In a moment the long tutor arrived. Henry  
arose, but the tutor begged him not to be dis-  
turbed and he looked around for a chair.  
Henry pointed to the low one, and the tutor  
sat down. He looked at Henry and grad-  
ually, and then finding it so much lower than  
he had thought it was stretched himself up to  
his full seven feet and turned about and  
looked at it. "Perhaps I had better get you  
another chair," he said, and he went to the  
table, rising with evident difficulty,  
"that is too low for you."

"Oh, no, don't bother," was the reply, "this  
will do," and with that the tutor sat down  
with his knees higher than his chin. It  
was impossible to have a solemn talk in a  
position, and when he caught Henry Ward  
Beecher's eye, and saw that he appreciated  
the ridiculousness of the situation, he burst  
out laughing, and Henry was freed from the  
chair. The chair was afterwards  
named by Henry's classmates "the tutor's  
delight."

Another good incident, which his sister  
told of him, occurred during his early preach-  
ing days in Indiana. One day, in crossing  
the Miami river, he was thrown over his  
horse's head into the water. When he came  
out, thoroughly soaked, a Baptist minister,  
who saw him, said: "Well, Beecher, I am  
glad to see you are coming to your senses. You  
have been immersed at last, and you are now  
as good as any of us."

"Oh, no," replied Beecher, as the crowd,  
who had heard the Baptist preacher's remark,  
laughed at him. "My immersion was a dif-  
ferent thing from that of your converts. I  
was immersed by a horse, and not by an ass."

This was rather broad, but it may be that  
the subject demanded it.

I remember another retort of Beecher's,  
which he uttered later in life, in which he  
called one of the most noted of the officious  
newspaper men of the time an ass. It was  
after one of Beecher's new departures that  
this man wrote to him as follows:

Henry Ward Beecher—  
DEAR SIR—You have made an ass of yourself  
to-day. (Signed)  
To this Mr. Beecher promptly responded,  
and the reply, with the first letter, got into the  
newspapers.

Mr. ————  
Sir—The Lord saved you from ever making an  
ass of yourself by making you one in the begin-  
ning. (Signed) HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Some funny things now and then occurred  
in his Plymouth church meetings. At one  
time the case was put of a man who lived a  
humble and useful life, but who had no  
faith in God, and no belief in a future life.  
"When that man dies," was asked, "how  
he go to hell, or where does he go?" Without a  
moment's hesitation, Mr. Beecher replied:  
"He would have my best wishes, wherever he  
went."

Speaking of Beecher's doctrine of hell, I  
close this letter with some extracts from a  
sermon which he delivered in New York  
about a year and a half ago. They are worth  
reading at any time, and are especially inter-  
esting just now. The text of the sermon was  
Christ's sorrow over Jerusalem. During the  
discourse he uttered the following:

There have been men who have so far forgotten  
the sympathy and compassion of God that they  
have represented Him as stern, vengeful, looking  
upon the destruction of the wicked with complac-  
ence. It has been taught even that there will  
come a time in the other life when parents will  
be lifted up into admiration and glorification  
of the Divine Nature that they shall be able to  
look down into hell and see their children damned  
there and rejoice and glory in their damnation.  
I have never seen for if a man, standing in

Heaven, can find anything in the character of  
God that shall enable him to look upon his  
damned and children damned in hell he ought to  
go to hell himself and be damned. But where is  
the whole economy of divine government, as  
made manifest in Scripture, is there anything  
that justifies such a thought of God?

Continuing, Mr. Beecher said:  
Whatever may be the future, whether men may  
drop into annihilation—and there are large num-  
bers of learned men of the church of Christ in our  
day who believe that immortality is the gift of  
God through faith in Jesus Christ, and not the  
natural economy of the world, and that men un-  
sustained by this power of grace in them die as  
they stand, or if you regard the other life as  
one in which men enter upon a probationary  
period again, and through spiritual evolution work  
their way up by and by to a higher standard and  
to admission to glory—in whichever way you look  
upon the condition of the future, one thing is cer-  
tain, there is no revenge there, no wrath, no smoke  
of indignation, no heartless hate rejoicing over  
the sufferings of any creature. A being that can  
look upon intense suffering, which has no redem-  
pable power in it, suffering without any other end  
than that they shall suffer—a being that could  
look upon that and snuff it up as a sweet incense  
ought never to be called God. It is cruelty, it is  
the embodiment of the very worst and bitterest  
which is forbidden by the whole teaching of the  
Bible; and calling such character and such con-  
duct by the divine name does not make it divine.  
It is a blasphemy and every conception of the  
nature of the divine nature. For, as Christ wept  
over Jerusalem when there was no chance for it,  
you may very well understand that God looks  
upon men, and sorrow for them when there is  
no remedy.

The question is often put by men: "If the world  
was to work out its own salvation, why does  
God not compel things to be right?" This is  
a simple insoluble, because no man can tell  
what a machine is, by seeing the scattered wheels  
lying around. No man can tell what a picture is  
going to be by seeing the canvas and the mere  
ground rubbed in. No man can tell of this world,  
which is a part of God's universe, and which is  
made of other worlds, and which is the completed  
administration of God over the whole universe,  
when all the various beginnings, the genesis in  
the beginning, the growth and every concep-  
tion of the power of the soul shall have been  
marshaled and come together and show the  
totality of the administration of God. Then, per-  
haps, a man may be in such a position that he can form such judgment of  
God as did not see. But one thing is certain, and  
so far as this world is concerned there are cer-  
tain great laws that lead to righteousness, to safety  
and to happiness; and certain great laws that  
lead to misery, to disaster, to destruction, and  
suffering immeasurable. Why does not God  
interfere? That you cannot tell, nor I. It is  
said that God can do anything that is an ex-  
traordinary thing. If you take it literally God  
cannot do anything.

My brother Charles and I were professed theo-  
logians when we were about 10 years old, and we  
used to discuss that very question, "God can do  
anything." I held high grounds until Charles  
said one day: "God can't make a sheet of paper  
with only one side to it." It seems very foolish,  
but it is no more foolish than the discussions that  
have been held in books and sermons. In the very  
nature of things impossibilities cannot be done.

I finish this letter just in time to catch the  
express train for Florida and the south. I  
go with a party of United States senators  
and other public men, and I hope to send you  
some interesting letters during the trip. As  
soon as I get to Florida I will send you a  
development of the southern states. It is a  
social party and neither politics nor the gov-  
ernment is mixed up in it. It pays its own  
expenses, and it is composed of both Demo-  
crats and Republicans. The senators are  
Sherman, of Ohio; Butler, of South Carolina;  
Palmer, of Michigan; Ransom, of North  
Carolina; and Manderson, of Nebraska. In  
addition to these are Senators at Arms of the  
Senate of North Carolina; Gen. An-  
derson, of New York; Mr. Babcock,  
Senator Sherman's private secretary, and a  
number of senators' wives, daughters and  
nieces. Altogether we will fill the special  
car which Superintendent Barry, of the Pull-  
man Car company, has selected for us. We  
will go about as fast as the train can, and  
from there move on south toward Florida,  
taking in it may be a trip to Cuba. After  
our stay in Florida is over we will come back  
through the new south, stopping in the states  
of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. My  
next letter will probably date from Charles-

TON, FLA.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.  
SPORTING GOSSIP.

The Coming of Beach, the Australian  
Sculler, to America—Other Matters.  
[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 7.

The Turf, Field and Farm is authority for  
the statement that \$100,000 was the amount  
offered William Beach, the Australian cham-  
pion sculler of the world, to come to this  
country to row Hanlan and Gaudaur. I  
very much doubt that any such offer was  
made, but even if it should really prove  
to be true, and Beach should come over  
here and defeat both Hanlan and Gaudaur  
(which I feel sure he would not be able to  
do), it would prove nothing, as Teemer could  
with very little trouble outrow either of the  
Americans, and I think the Australian as  
well.

Beach realizes that he is getting past the  
time of life when a carman should be in  
his prime, and will make no matches with  
first class carmen unless he has things ar-  
ranged to his own satisfaction.

Evans Lewis, the "angler," and Joe  
Acton, the "Little Demon," will wrestle their  
second match, best three in five, catch as  
catch can style, at Chicago, March 14. In  
the coming event the conditions will be  
slightly different from those which prevailed  
in their first meeting, three points now  
being necessary to constitute a fall.

As I have before stated, Acton, if he  
wants to (and he is generally "out for the  
money"), will win almost as he pleases. He  
has won every championship match, and  
has many more on record. He is a powerful  
man, and has a very good record. He is  
not made to lose. Lewis, by the way,  
wrestled Jack Carkeek a few nights since at  
Minneapolis, and the latter was unable to do  
anything after the first bout, owing to Lewis'  
powerful grip. Lewis is a "hot" fellow, which  
practically put him hors de combat.

Dominick McCaffrey may impress some  
few of his ardent admirers with the belief  
that he is not afraid of any of the heavy  
weights, but I will confess that I am of the  
opinion that he is. He is a powerful man,  
and he is a very good wrestler. He is  
not made to lose. Lewis, by the way,  
wrestled Jack Carkeek a few nights since at  
Minneapolis, and the latter was unable to do  
anything after the first bout, owing to Lewis'  
powerful grip. Lewis is a "hot" fellow, which  
practically put him hors de combat.

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Acton, the "Little Demon," will wrestle their  
second match, best three in five, catch as  
catch can style, at Chicago, March 14. In  
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As I have before stated, Acton, if he  
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money"), will win almost as he pleases. He  
has won every championship match, and  
has many more on record. He is a powerful  
man, and has a very good record. He is  
not made to lose. Lewis, by the way,  
wrestled Jack Carkeek a few nights since at  
Minneapolis, and the latter was unable to do  
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## CORONET AND DAUNTLESS.

The Two Yachts Which Will Race Across  
the Atlantic Ocean.

No yacht race of recent years has excited  
more interest than will the race between the  
Coronet and Dauntless across the Atlantic  
ocean for \$10,000 a side. But it is hardly  
probable that the two ocean racers will suc-  
ceed in starting on Saturday, as has been ex-  
pected. Bad weather has interfered consid-  
erably with the repairing necessary to fit the  
Coronet for the trip, and it is doubtful if she  
will get into the water in time to start as in-  
tended.

Although many readers have already seen  
the figures of the two yachts, it may not be  
out of place to give them again. Here they  
are for the Coronet:

Length over all, 131 feet; length on the load  
water line, 125 feet; extreme beam, 27 feet;  
extreme draught, 12 feet 6 inches; length of main-  
mast, 91 feet; length of main boom, 68 feet; sail  
ton, per New York Yacht club racing measur-  
ment, 114; area of lower sails in square feet,  
7,185; area of top sails in square feet, 1,130; area  
of square sails in square feet, 3,130.

And here for Dauntless. The boats have  
length over all, 124 feet; length on load water  
line, 117 feet 7 inches; extreme draught, 12 feet 3  
inches; extreme beam, 26 feet 7 inches; length of  
mainmast, 81 feet; length of main boom, 60 feet;  
length of topmast, 40 feet; sail ton, per New  
York Yacht club measurement, 111; area of  
lower sails in square feet, 6,911; area of top sails  
in square feet, 1,055; area of square sails in square  
feet, 2,865.

The race, as many already know, is the re-  
sult of R. T. Babb's challenge, posted Jan. 1,  
at the New York Yacht club house. Mr.  
Babb is the owner of the Coronet and ex-  
pected that several yachts would accept the  
challenge; but no yacht owner had the neces-  
sary nerve excepting Caldwell H. Colt, the  
owner of the Dauntless. The boats have  
been making ready for the contest for more  
than a month. The course is to extend from  
Owl's Head to Rock's Point, Queenstown  
harbor, and the judges will be the members  
of the Royal Cork Yacht club.

DAUNTLESS.

The Dauntless was built at Mystic Bridge,  
Conn., by Forester & Morgan, and was  
launched in January, 1893. She was first  
christened the Hirondele, and was owned by  
S. S. Bradford, Jr. Her first race was Oct.  
31, 1893, when she beat the schooner Vesta in  
a race of twenty miles to windward and back  
from Sandy Hook lightship. Time, 53, 28m.  
57s. In the spring of 1897 James Gordon  
Bennett purchased the craft and rechristened  
her the Dauntless. Her original cost was  
\$30,000, and Mr. Bennett spent several thou-  
sands more remodeling her completely.

In May, 1899, she was again put in the  
water, and crossed the Atlantic from New  
York to Queenstown in 12 days 17 hours and  
6 minutes. Within a month, however, the  
Seymour made the same trip in 12 days 9  
hours and 35 minutes, which time has never  
been equaled by any yacht of any build. The  
Dauntless has sailed about a dozen races,  
coming off creditably in most of them. The